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fact, the half dozen misprints of the first edition have been rectified, leaving the book in that respect apparently flawless.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

JAMES THOMSON AND MILTON.

To the Editors of *Mod. Lang. Notes*.

SIRS:—Will the interest in the obligations of the earlier eighteenth century to Milton justify the printing of the following additions to G. C. Macaulay's lists (Eng. Men of Letters, *James Thomson*, pp. 141–5) of James Thomson's debts to Milton's Minor Poems?

*The Morning in the Country* is all reminiscent of *L'Allegro*, 41–68. Cp. 1–4 with *L'Allegro*, 59–62, and *in thousand liveries drest with in thousand liveries dight*, Cp. in each (1) the lark's early song; (2) the rising of the persons; (3) the cock and the hens; (4) the end, the shepherd telling his tale.

*On Beauty*, 9–23, 28–9, 35–7, has

This happy place with all delights abounds,  
And plenty broods upon the fertile grounds.  
Here verdant grass their waving . . .  
And hills and vales in sweet confusion lie;  
*The nibbling flock stray[s]*<sup>1</sup> o'er the rising hills,  
And all around with bleating music fills:  
*High* on their fronts tall blooming forests nod,<sup>2</sup>  
Of sylvan deities the blest abode<sup>3</sup>:  
The feather'd minstrels hop from spray to spray,  
And chant their gladsome carols all the day;  
Till dusky night, advancing in *her car*,<sup>4</sup>  
Makes with declining light successful war.  
Then *Philomel*<sup>5</sup> her mournful lay repeats,  
And through her throat breathes *melancholy sweets*.<sup>6</sup>  
Still higher yet wild *rugged*<sup>7</sup> rocks arise,

Increasing brooks<sup>8</sup> roll down the mountain's side,  
And as they pass the opposing pebbles chide.<sup>8</sup>

The way that to this stately palace<sup>9</sup> goes  
Of myrtle trees, lies 'twixt two even rows,  
Which, *towering high*, with outstretch'd arms display'd,<sup>9</sup>  
. . . .

Cp. *L'Allegro*, 71–80:

Russet lawns and fallows grey,  
Where the *nibbling flocks do stray*<sup>1</sup>;  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest;  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
*Shallow brooks*<sup>8</sup> and rivers wide;  
*Towers* and battlements<sup>9</sup> it sees  
Bosomed *high*<sup>9</sup> in tufted trees,<sup>2</sup>  
Where perhaps *some beauty lies*,<sup>3</sup>  
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Cp. also *Il Penseroso*, 56–9:

'Less *Philomel*<sup>5</sup> will deign a song,  
In her *sweetest saddest plight*,<sup>6</sup>  
Smoothing the *rugged*<sup>7</sup> brow of Night,<sup>4</sup>  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke<sup>4</sup> . . .

and 121:

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career<sup>4</sup> . . .

*On Happiness*, 88–93, with its midnight, moonlight dance on *the margent of some limpid flood*, of fairies from *Stygian caves*, reminds of Comus's utterance (115–121) at midnight (102, 128, 131–3) concerning the dance of the finny droves and fairies by streams in the moonlight. Cf. Comus's same speech for *Stygian darkness*, 132; *L'Allegro* 3, *Stygian cave*; *Comus* 232, *margin*.

With *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton*, 46, *our wandering Queen of Night*, compare *the wandering moon* of *Il Penseroso*, 67.

*Autumn*, 1145 ff, reads:

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,  
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,  
Full of pale fancies, and *chimeras* huge;  
Nor visited by one *directive ray*,  
From cottage *streaming*, or from airy hall.  
Perhaps impatient he stumbles on,  
Struck from the root of slimy *rushes*, blue,  
The Wildfire scatters round, or gather'd trails  
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:  
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,  
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd,  
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf: . . .

Cp. *Comus*, 195–205, the state of the Lady, *a misled and lonely traveller* at night in *the blind mazes of a tangled wood*, and her utterance:

A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory,  
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
And airy tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

The Elder Brother in the same state, exclaims,  
336 :

Or if your influence be quite dammed up  
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
*Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole*  
*Of some clay habitation, visit us*  
With thy long levelled rule of *streaming* light,  
And thou shalt be our *star of Arcady*,  
Or *Tyrian Cynosure*.

Just a moment before (323-6) the Lady had occasion to compare *tapestry halls* (which the Brother's *Though* would mark as preferable to him) and *lowly sheds* as places of refuge.—Note that the Spirit refers to *dire Chimeras* and enchanted isles, 517 ; and that in *L'Allegro* the misleading by a false light is alluded to, 104.

With *Spring*, 441 ff., compare *Il Penseroso*, 131-50. Compare the flower matter, the lily, the cowslips that *hang the dewy head, with all the lowly children of the shade*; and the flower passage of *Lycidas* (132 ff.), the *valleys low* on which *the swart star sparsely looks, all your quaint enamelled eyes, With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head, And every flower that sad embroidery wears*.

Compare *Spring*, 1022 ff., where Professor Beers says (*Eng. Rom. in the 18th Century*, p. 116) "romantic love once more comes back into poetry," with *Il Penseroso*, 130-46 ; 56-72 ; 85 ff. ; 121-2.

The two cantos of *The Castle of Indolence* deal with Inclination versus Duty, as does *Lycidas*, 64-84. The summing up of the argument for Inclination (*C. of I.*, i. 19),

O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,  
Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;  
When sudden comes blind unrelenting fate,  
And gives the untasted portion you have won. . . .

is the concluding of the argument for Inclination in *Lycidas* (70 ff.) :

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
To scorn delights and live laborious days ;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life.

Compare with the *Lycidas* passages, st. 12 (the opening of the argument) also :

but as the furthest steep  
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,  
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,  
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,  
For ever vain : . . . .

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#### AN EVENING WITH COLERIDGE.

*To the Editors of Mod. Lang. Notes.*

SIRS :—Through the courtesy of my friend, Dr. Georg Herzfeld, of Berlin, I am enabled to call attention to a recent discovery of his. It is a book of literary sketches, apparently hitherto neglected, by a German visitor to England about 1830, and is particularly noteworthy for its description of one of the famous Highgate evenings with Coleridge. There are, of course, Carlyle's classic description of Coleridge on the brow of Highgate Hill, and the annoyingly inadequate entries in Crabb Robinson's *Diary*. We have also accounts of sporadic visits to Highgate by Landor, Emerson, Miss Martineau, and others. The present discovery is of sufficient importance to rank with the latter, and is particularly interesting as an evidence of early German appreciation of Coleridge's fame.

The book in question is entitled *Skizzen Eng-lischer Charaktere und Englischer gesellschaftlicher Zustände* von Anton Langerhanns (Leipzig, Kollman, 1839). There is in the British Museum a second part dated 1840, which I have not seen. Langerhanns, upon his arrival in England, presented a letter of introduction to a Mr. M——I, who received him cordially, entertained him repeatedly and arranged for the visit to Coleridge at Highgate. When they arrived on the appointed evening they found a group of gentlemen assembled about the poet, but unfortunately Langerhanns records no names. He does, however, report the gist of the conversation, which was principally upon matters dramatic—the art of Miss Kemble, a good anecdote of the actor George Frederick Cooke, related by Coleridge himself, and remarks on Mrs. Siddons, Miss Farren, and David Garrick. Coleridge gave his explanation of the difference between genius and talent, using